

beyond imagination. At  
Mannheim we had sour craut,  
but this is not the season for it.

Yours ever,

B. DISRAELI.

Here Disraeli's own record of his journey comes to an end. From Coblenz the travellers made their way up the valley of the Moselle by Treves to Luxembourg ; and thence by Sedan and Valenciennes to Calais. Nine years later, when he had occasion to recall this visit to the Rhine, Disraeli wrote : — 'I determined when descending those magical waters that I would not be a lawyer.' His father, forgetful of his own early experience, seems not to have yielded without a struggle: 'a father is, perhaps, the worst judge of his son's capacity ; he knows too much — and too little.'<sup>1</sup> But he yielded in the end, and though the connexion with Frederick's Place was not formally severed at once, we soon hear of the son in other fields of activity. 'The hour of adventure had arrived.'

<sup>1</sup> *Vivian Grey*, Bk. II. ch. 3.